At The Lake (#DrunkenKissesChallenge)

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Tristan is drunk, Galahad needs appeasing, and they are by the lake where they first kissed… (in Past Redesigns Chapter 1)

Notes

~gifting my drunken kisses to my Hannibal Cre-ATE-ive sin!family~

Galahad remembered the first time they had kissed at the lake. They had many times bathed there with their brothers at arms, but it had happened the first time alone there together.

The thought of it sent a prickle of sweat across his back. It was a hot summer day and his clothing never felt heavier, but he knew the sun wasn't the sole cause. At his back was his lover. The horse protesting now and then at the extra weight, but Galahad had not trusted the drunken Tristan on his own horse which trailed behind them.

They had stayed the previous night in a tavern half a day's ride from the wall. Tristan had felt a rare merriment of summer and insisted on drinking several skins of wine. Galahad was thankful to have fallen asleep before getting too intoxicated, waking with only a slight headache that was steadily clearing with the fresh air. Tristan, however, had a severe pain in his head that he complained of often and there was a sheen to his skin from a light fever that came from drink. They had only been able to move on from the tavern near noon because he was so inebriated. And only then once Tristan had decided to continue drinking as a solution to the sickness. Galahad was amazed he was on any horse at all.

By the time they had reached the lake, Galahad was sweaty from having the almost unconscious man slumped at his back. It took some shuffling and prompting to get his lover down from the horse once they reached the embankment. Galahad couldn't even pretend to be shocked to see a wine skin gripped firmly in Tristan's hand. He sighed and shook his head as he started to undress to make the most of the cool water.

"Oh! Frisky?" Tristan eyed him from where Galahad had deposited him on the bank. He raised an eyebrow in both questioning and desire.

Galahad let out a heavy sigh. "Sweaty. Achey… neither in a good way. I'm going to take a dip before we head back to the wall."

"I could make you sweaty and achey in a good way…" A drunken drawl from Tristan.

Galahad hid a smile, ignored him, and continued to strip before heading to the lake and wading in. He wasn't mad, not really. Tristan was Tristan and he loved him and he was rarely this drunk and in truth it amused Galahad when he was.

As the cool water hit his skin his mind reeled back to the first time they kissed, the first time they touched. It had been in this lake and the memory was always there waiting for him.

He had been a few minutes soaking his aches, eyes closed and body submerged, when he heard a splashing behind him. Then felt Tristan's naked form against him as he was pulled back to his feet, the other man at his back.

"Mmmm, you feel so good. I want you…"

"You always want me!" Galahad chuckled and turned in his lover's arms.

"This is true." Tristan leaned in and pressed his lips to Galahad's. The younger knights immediate and willing response seemed to embolden the drunkard as he parted his lips against Galahad's. The taste of wine was both bitter and fresh - new on top of old. It reminded Galahad happily of their first few months together - how insatiable they were when drunk and lacking inhibitions - thinking they were being so discreet. The thought was lost as the heavier man shifted in the water and overbalanced them. Standing was suddenly falling and then flailing, Galahad righting himself easily and then dragging Tristan up from the water.

"Maybe we should postpone until you are more sober and less likely to drown us." His words were admonishing but his smile was teasing.

"That would be a shame…" Tristan responded by pressing his palm against Galahad's cock. Already half hard, it filled almost immediately at the touch. Galahad let out the involuntary moan that always betrayed him - every damn time. No matter what, even if they had been arguing, it took so little for Tristan to undo him.

"I want… I… ah…" His words were stolen with the movement of Tristan's hand, now taking hold of him and slowly stroking a rhythm. "Gods, Tristan… I… ah…"

There was a drunken jingle of laughter from Tristan. He knew Galahad wanted to be fucked. Because he always wanted it. Anytime his lover laid a hand on him he felt an ache to have him inside. To be filled and covered and surrounded so completely by Tristan and his firm body, and deep musky scent.

"I'm sorry little pup…" Tristan soothed, lacing small kisses over Galahad's mouth. "I would take you if I could but I fear the wine has made that impossible."

Galahad didn't quite take in the words but he knew. It had happened before, and Tristan would make it up to him later. For now, all he could feel were the overly wet kisses that were a gauge of how drunk Tristan was (half way to sober now at least), and the hand massaging and stroking his cock.

As the sloppy, wine-laced kisses trailed down his throat, Galahad could feel himself coming apart under Tristan's hand. Holding onto Tristan's broad shoulders and floating slightly in the over waist deep water. He could feel Tristan's mouth smiling against the crook of his neck as he came with a shudder and a moan, grasping his lover tightly so that he didn't risk going under again.

It took a moment for Galahad to pull himself back together, and only then because Tristan was starting to topple under him. He managed to catch the older man and kiss him deeply and gently, taking another taste of the bitter-sweet wine.

"Do you think the others know what we do here when we come here alone?" Galahad laughed as he drew back.

"No… If they did they would never bathe here again for fear of washing in our seed." Tristan stated matter-of-factly, at which Galahad laughed deeply -

"I suspect more than one of them has jerked off in here before."

"Well, now I'm not sure I want to ever bathe here again." Galahad laughed again and began dragging Tristan towards the shore.

"Actually, we never do much bathing." He grinned - confident his lover was starting to sober and might soon make good the promise given by his hand.

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